



THE MISSISKOU STANDARD

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BY

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To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

For the Saturday Courier.

THE LAND OF REST.

On many an anxious brow
Hope spreads a spangled wing,
And marks the land of rest,
Where golden fountains spring;
Where wealth in shining floods
Come rolling to that shore,
Where want hath taken wing,
And labour is no more.
But 'tis not there that rest,
That harvest home of flowers,
A thorn is in the nest,
A bramble bush is ours.

Hope, disappointed, wings
For yonder quiet dale,
Where many a beautiful flower
Waves to the gentle gale;
A little cottage there,
A silvery mountain rill,
A well of happy song,
With daylight from the hill.
But 'tis not there that rest,
Death stands within the door:
The winds come sweeping by,
The flowers are bright no more.

Then where's that land of rest,
If not 'mid summer bowers,
Where sing the happy birds,
And smile the pretty flowers?
If not in princely wealth,
Where want hath taken wing,
Where rolls the shining flood,
Where golden fountains spring?
If not when love can greet,
When evening's shadows come,
The laborer from his toil,
The cotter to his home?

Beyond the tread of time,
The waste of rolling years,
Beyond this changing clime,
Its sunlight and its tears;
Above our starry way,
That gems the curtained night,
Bathed in an ocean flood
Of ever living light—
There is a sweet green isle,
Where crystal fountains play,
And breezes all the while
From fragrant grottoes stray.

There clouds no gatherings make
On that eternal sky,
Untroubled by a storm,
Unshaded by a sigh;
There peace is like a flood,
And love an ocean there;
There crime hath never trod,
Nor sought a dwelling near.
There angels have their home,
And there the dove her nest,
And there the weary one
An never ending rest.

J. L.

WILL BLOCK.

A TRUE TALE.

By the Author of Tough Yarns.

But the creed of a sailor still further extends;
He believes 'tis his duty likewise
To comfort his poor distressed messmate & friends
And the girl that is faithful to prize.

It was on the afternoon of a lovely day in summer, a veteran tar came whistling through the narrow lane that cuts off a considerable portion of the main road between Plymouth and Exeter and shortens the journey to the weary traveller. There was something in his whole appearance so peculiarly interesting and neat, that the passenger, after receiving his 'what cheer, what cheer!' could not refrain from turning round and stopping to take another look. Indeed that sparkling eye of good humor and pleasantry, that countenance displaying at once the generous benevolence of his heart, was not easily passed by unnoticed, or readily forgotten. His dress consisted of a blue jacket and white trousers, a straw hat bound with black ribbon thrown carelessly back upon his head, so as to display the straggling locks of silver grey that flowed beneath, & a black silk handkerchief loosely knotted round his neck, over which lay the white collar of his shirt, a short cudgel was tucked under his arm. He had now reached the inn by the way side where he proposed heaving to, to hoist in a fresh supply of grog and biscuits for the voyage. Crossing the threshold, and entering the passage, his ears were saluted with vile discordant sounds of some one in a terrible passion. 'Never throw hot water and ashes to the windward,' says the old tar, shortening sail; 'I'd sooner engage a squadron of fire ships than one woman in a rage. They're sure to have the last broadside, even while sinking.' He was putting about to stand off again, when a sweet voice, in plaintive application, struck upon his ear and bro't him up. 'Twas in reply to the vociferations of the termagant, and remained backing and filling in the passage. 'What money—clothes—all lost, did you say? exclaimed a rough strained throat, something resembling the combined noise of a black-

smith's bellows and a flint mill? 'All gone, eh! 'Yes, ma'am...all lost to me,' replied a female, in tones which would have excited pity in any heart that claimed the smallest acquaintance with humanity. 'So you think that story will do, eh?' continued the first; 'twon't though, missus, so you must tramp. I don't keep a house for vagrums, and sich like.' 'Indeed, indeed, 'tis true; the villains robbed me of all, and I have walked many, many weary miles. Oh, but for a piece of bread...a little cold water!—can you deny me this? Indeed I've not been used to beg.' 'Why, that's the way with all you canting creatures...all ladies for sooth! Where do you come from?' 'Oh, ma'am, I am a wretched girl, yet I was once happy; sorrow has indeed reached me...lost, lost Lucy!—Ha, I see how it is! What, you've been with the fellows, have you? Why, you good-for-nothing!...there get out of my house, get out, I say!' 'Can you have the cruelty to let me perish? Where...where shall I find compassion, if my own sex refuse it? Oh remember that mercy, that pity is the attribute of angels! 'Don't talk to me of angels, hussy! and as for tributes, there's sessions, and taxes, & poor's rates enough...Out, I say! What, you won't, eh? Here, John! Bet! where are you all! you pack of idle vagabonds! Here, take this Miss, and turn her out!' 'Oh let me implore your pity; here humbly let me beg —' This was too much for our honest tar. Entering the kitchen, he beheld a young girl, plainly but neatly dressed, on her knees before an old woman. The tears were running down her pale face, and she seemed fainting with fatigue and grief, while a man grasped one shoulder, a boy the other, and a maid servant together, were attempting to force her out. 'Yo ho, what's the matter here?' said the veteran, flinging the man to the opposite side of the room, and giving the boy a trip that laid him sprawling on the other. 'Cowardly, lubberly rascals! what grapple a vessel in distress! And you (turning to the landlady) to stand looking on! Is this a christian country? For shame, old woman!...Old woman, forsooth!' exclaimed the now doubly exasperated landlady. 'Old woman, forsooth! What, you takes the part of the young un, eh? But she shall budge directly.' 'I say she shan't then. Come here, pretty one, and nobody shall harm you while old Will Block can keep the weather gage.' 'Well, this is fine treatment, too, in my own house. And you, ye rascals, who eat my victuals and take my wages, to set and see it tamely! Lay hold of her, I say.' 'Touch her if you dare,' says old Will, flourishing his stick, 'and I'll—I'll—Ay, that's right, keep off for if you come athwart my hawser, blow my wig but I'll cut your cables! Poor Lucy had got close to his side; but fearing her protector would be injured for his generosity, she entreated him to desist. 'I am not worthy your notice, sir; only a drop of water for I am very faint.'

'Shall have the best the house affords, while I have a shot in the locker. Go along, old Mother Squeeze-lemon, and get something for the poor child; don't you see she's all becalmed?' 'What, give my property to vagrums and wenches!—not I, indeed! Will you pay the reckoning?' 'Avast, old Grampus! I think of this here when you stands at another bar, and the last great reckoning comes—how will you look then?—This will stand a black account against you, and what'll you have to rub it off with, eh? Go, get her a glass of wine.' And who's to pay? 'Wine indeed!...get her some water, Jack,' said the now alarmed landlady, for Will's reflection, and the solemn manner in which it was uttered, operated powerfully on her conscience. 'Heave to, you porpoise-faced swab...none of your water; get us some wine, and the best in the house too, d'ye hear? Why, what's the lubber grinning at? Will that satisfy you, ye old shark? thrusting his hand into his jacket pocket, and drawing it out again filled with gold—' Will this satisfy you? The landlady's countenance brightened up; 'Why, if so be as how you means to pay for it, that's another thing. Well, well, I dare says you're a gentleman, after all. Come child, (to Lucy) I am sorry I was so harsh, but it's only my way. There, run, John, and fetch a bottle of my best wine, and some of those nice sweet cakes...Stop, John, stop, I'll go myself for the poor dear.' 'Ha! ha! ha! what a generous heart!' cried Will; 'how it expands at the voice of distress! shaking his pockets. 'Here's the key will unlock the flood-gates of her benevolence at any time (holding up a guinea) but come, pretty one, drawing a chair, 'sit down and rest.' 'Oh, sir, how shall I ever repay your bounty?' said Lucy. 'Wait till I ax you,' replied Will, who felt hurt at the idea of being repaid. 'Here, miss,' said the landlady,

entering, 'take this nice cake and wine, it will do you good. God bless your sweet face! why, do you think that I would go for to hurt a hair of your head?' 'There, there, there's enough of it, no more palaver; I arn't agreed for that, you know, tho' I suppose you'll consider it in the bill. Luckily at this moment, to prevent the gathering storm, the bell rung violently in the other room, and she disappeared. 'Come, come, don't be backward; never mind an old sailor,' said old Will; 'refresh yourself, and then tell me what I can do to serve you, speak as if I was your father.' 'Oh, sir, don't talk of my father; I have fixed a wound in his heart —' 'There, there, don't cry; I can't bare to see a woman's tears...it makes a fool of me; but tell me honestly all about it, for I have got to go to old Admiral M.'s by night.' 'O—Grove?' inquired Lucy, much agitated. 'Why, aye, do you know him?' 'No, sir; but I have seen...I have been in company with his nephew; and again she burst into tears as if her heart would break. 'Why, aye, I see how it is; knock old Will down for a witch. I see how it is. This is some of Master Tommies doings, eh? Zounds! clenching his fist...but no matter. And where are you come from?' 'From my father's, sir.' 'And who is your father?' 'Oh, do not ask me! my name is Lucy B.' 'What, the daughter of old B., that was in the Venerable as first Lieutenant?' 'Yes, I am indeed his wretched daughter.' 'Zounds, why, starting up in a passion...why, and has Tom dared —' But don't be frightened, don't be frightened. And so you have deserted your home and my poor old friend?' 'Spare me, sir, spare me! If my father was indeed your friend, oh, succor his erring child.' 'Well, well, well, my upper works get crazy now—hardly able to weather the storm. But the villain that would betray innocence, and then abandon his victim...zounds...but come, come along. 'I thought of going to the Admiral's, sir. 'To be sure! we'll be under way in a minute.' 'Yes, sir, perhaps he will not see me, or it may be injurious to his interests; and oh, I would willingly die to serve him, for he has a feeling heart.' 'A what? a feeling heart. Why are you here then? But come along, sweet one, and discharging the reckoning, they set off in company.

Of all the eccentric beings in this eccentric world, old admiral M. was the most eccentric...He had risen solely by merit from the station of cabin-boy to vice-admiral of the white; and it was ever his boast that he had never skulked in great men's pockets, nor been afraid to dip his hands in a tar bucket. 'I came in at the lower holes,' he would say, 'and didn't creep in at the cabin windows...He had been known to absent himself from home for weeks together; and no one could tell where he went, or what had become of him, till his repeated acts of generous bounty discovered the track he had taken. He would frequently return home without previous notice, enter the house unobserved, ring his bell, and order refreshments, as if he had never quitted it. Not an old sailor that had ever sailed with him but was welcome to partake of his cheer, and those who had been his messmates previous to his mounting the uniform (if of good character, but not so successful as himself) always sat at his own table. Possessed of an immense fortune which he was accustomed to say was drawn from the Spanish stocks...yet without children, for he was a bachelor, he had adopted his nephew, determined to leave him the bulk of his property.

The young man, who really was naturally, of an amiable disposition, on this accession to his uncle's favor, associated with some of the dashing characters of the day, and became tainted with their vices and follies. He had been introduced to the family of Lieutenant B. by a brother officer; where the acquaintance, which terminated so sadly for poor Lucy was begun. Yet he passionately loved her; but, fearing the condemnation of the admiral, and the loss of his patronage, he had withdrawn himself from Exeter without even bidding her farewell, choosing rather to immerse himself from the world than break the oath he had pledged to Lucy, or disoblige his uncle by marrying without his consent, knowing that the old gentleman was ambitious for his nephew to look for a wife agreeable to the high prospects before him, and equally convinced to thwart his inclinations would be to annihilate all his hopes, and cast him adrift upon the world...Such was the state of affairs when Lucy left her home to endeavor to gain an interview with her lover, and fell in with old Will, who in early life according to his own account had sailed with the admiral, and was now going to pay him a visit, and see some of his old messmates, of whom the principal part of the household was composed. She had been plundered by some villains, of all she possessed at day break, but still continued her journey, till worn with hunger, and faint with fatigue, she entered the inn and implored assistance.

The shades of evening fell on the landscape as they passed under the avenue of trees that led to Grove House. Will, having promised to exert himself in obtaining an interview between Mr. M. and his convey, left her at a short distance and proceeded onward. Almost overpowered by her reflections, and every pulse throbbing violently with agitation, she leaned against the trunk of a tree, expecting to see the being whom next to heaven she loved most tenderly. It was now too dark to distinguish objects but she could hear footsteps approaching, and she sunk without sense of motion to the ground. On recovery she found herself sitting on a couch in a small room, and the old house-keeper, with other females, sedulously administering to her necessity. Her eye glanced wildly around for another object, while the old lady strove to sooth her mind, informing her that it was herself who had discovered her in the avenue, at the request of old Will. Refreshments were placed, of which Lucy partook sparingly, desirous of knowing, yet trembling to ask, whether Mr. M. was in the house, or had seen the worthy veteran, her conductor.

'Pray, sir,' said the admiral entering the room abruptly, when his nephew was sitting alone and ruminating upon the object of his sincere attachment, little imagining that she who occupied his thoughts was at that moment under the same roof, 'pray, sir, what does that man deserve who robs a friend of his dearest treasure—who stealing into the confidence of a young and artless girl, under the flag of affection, turns pirate and plunders his prize with remorseless cruelty?' The young man sat petrified, for these questions were precisely accordant with his own feelings previous to the entrance of his uncle. 'Answer me, exclaimed the admiral, raising his voice, 'answer me, directly! I cannot, sir, I am too deeply sensible of error.' 'Or what, does he merit,' continued the admiral, 'who contrary to the views of a relative that has raised him to opulence, first contracted himself to a young and artless female, and then deserted her? 'Infamy, infamy and disgrace!' exclaimed the agonized M. 'I feel it all—all, and shudder!' 'You have judged right, sir, your acquaintance with the poor distressed child of Lt. B. I have just received information of, and your own lips have condemned you.' 'Not so much as my heart sir,' replied M. 'Pass what sentence you please, but O! suffer me to expiate my faults! Do not drive me to desperation!' 'Tis well, sir, you are convinced of your error, and ringing the bell violently, a servant appeared. 'Order Mr. M.'s horse to the door,' then turning to the young man, 'This is no longer a home for you; however, you shall first have the satisfaction of facing your accuser; and again ringing the bell, directed another servant to introduce the stranger. No culprit ever stood more agitated than M., while these orders were given. He fixed his eyes upon the door in anxious expectation, but what were his feelings—what his agony when Lucy herself appeared! He would have rushed towards her, but his uncle caught his arm, and in a voice that made the poor girl tremble. 'No, sir! would you again coil like a snake about your victim? Would you once more sting a bosom whose only fault was loving a villain? Go, sir, you have forfeited all pretensions to my favor—you have degraded my name—you have disgraced yourself. Go, and let me never see your face again! This was too much for poor Lucy; she had expected a private interview with her lover, and imagined when she quitted the house-keeper's apartment, 'twas for that purpose the folding doors of the drawing room were thrown open. How great then was her surprise and distress when she found herself in the presence of the admiral! He was habited in an immense cloak that covered his whole person, and his laced cocked hat upon his head; but the sentence was no sooner pronounced than Lucy knelt before him imploring mercy. M. at the same moment threw himself by her side, caught her upraised hand, joined it in his own, and offered his petitions with her's. The old admiral dashed the tears from his eyes, and overcome by the scene, grasped their united hands and blessed them. But who can express the astonishment, the gratitude of Lucy, when, throwing off his cloak and hat, he appeared before her as her generous benefactor, protector and guide—even old WILL BLOCK!

AWFUL END OF A DRUNKARD...The following history of an occurrence, not long since, in the state of Alabama, strikingly illustrates the ruin caused by habits of intemperance.

John Morfat was born and liberally educated in the state of North Carolina. He removed to Alabama, commenced the study of law, but discovered a propensity for ardent spirits, which obscured his prospects of success in that arduous profession. Under a promise of sobriety he was admitted to a country store, kept steady and attentive to his business for months, until he was enabled to open a grocery store on his own account. Here his habits returned and grew upon him with ruinous celerity. For the last two or three weeks of his life he had not a sober hour. Under the maddening influence of intoxication he sold his establishment and started on horse back for North Carolina. During the first day he travelled sixteen miles...was seen by several who knew him, to whom he appeared as being in a wild and confused state.—This was the last day he was seen alive.

The next morning his horse was discovered without a saddle, and the presumption was that he had been drowned in a creek in that vicinity; but in one week from that day, a dog came into his master's yard bringing with him Morfat's right arm and shoulder blade. Search was made, and he was found in the woods a mile distant, having been devoured by wild beasts from his waist upwards. His saddle was on a log, his blanket spread on the ground, appearing as if the poor wretch had laid upon it before he died. His watch and money were in his pantaloon's pocket, his saddle bags unmolested. Intemperance had murdered him. Alone he had wrestled with its fever and its madness—and in the end was devoured by dogs.

MARGARET LAMBURN.

From Sketches of Eccentric Characters.

This heroic woman was, with her husband, in the retinue of Mary, Queen of Scots, by whose untimely death he died of grief. Margaret resolved to avenge the death of her queen and husband upon Elizabeth; and to accomplish her purpose, she assumed a man's habit, and repaired to the English court, assuming the name of Anthony Sparke. She carried with her a brace of pistols; one to kill Elizabeth, and the other to shoot herself, to avoid the disgrace of a public execution. But her design happened to miscarry, by an accident which preserved Elizabeth's life. One day, as she was pushing through the crowd to come up to her majesty, who was then walking in her garden, she dropped one of her pistols. This being observed, she was seized and brought before the queen, who asked her name, country and quality? Margaret undauntedly replied, 'Madam, though I appear in this habit, I am a woman; my name is Margaret Lamburn; I was several years in the service of Queen Mary, my mistress, whom you have unjustly put to death; and by her death you have caused that of my husband, who died of grief to see so innocent a queen perish so iniquitously. Now, as I had the greatest love and affection for these victims of your cruelty and injustice, I was resolved to avenge their death by killing you; I acknowledge I have suffered many struggles within my own breast, and have endeavored to divert my resolution from this design; but all in vain; I found myself compelled to prove, by experience, the truth of that maxim, that neither reason, nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance, when she is compelled thereto by love.'

After calmly listening to Margaret's discourse, Elizabeth replied: 'You are then persuaded that in this action you have done your duty, and satisfied the demands which your love for your mistress and for your husband requires of you; but what think you now it is my duty to do to you?' 'Madam,' said Margaret, with a steady unembarrassed countenance, 'I will tell you plainly my opinion, provided you will please to let me know whether you put this question in the quality of a queen or that of a judge.'

Her majesty declared that 'it was that of a queen.'

'Then,' said Margaret, 'your majesty ought to grant me a pardon.'

'But what assurance of security can you give me,' said Elizabeth, 'that you will not make another attempt upon my life?'

'Madam,' replied the spirited Lamburn, 'a favor given under such restraints is no more a favor; and in so doing your majesty would act against me as a judge.'

The queen turning to some of her council, said, 'I have been thirty years a queen, but do not remember ever to have had such a lecture read to me before.'

She then pronounced a free and unequal pardon, and granted Margaret safe conduct till she got out of the kingdom.

THE BEAUTY OF VIRTUE.—The following fine reflection is to be found in the Life of Lord Herbert, of Cherburg: 'Every body loves the virtuous, whereas the vicious do scarce love one another.' Upon the same principle an Arabian happily observed: 'I learned virtue from the bad, for their wickedness inspired me with a distaste for vice.'

More Abolitionism.—The Woodbury (New Jersey) Herald, after stating the arrest and confinement of a family of slaves at Swedesborough, and their confinement from Saturday night, until Monday morning, preparatory to an investigation, proceeds to detail the following particulars:

Forty negroes came to the rescue of their confined brethren. A discharge of musketry and a volley of clubs and stones were the first intimation that the unsuspecting and affrighted landlord received. The household was immediately aroused, and shrunk terror-struck to the garret and other private parts of the building. The windows were broken out, and the building riddled by bullets and large musket shot.—The landlord defended his house as far as he was able, but he had no arms save a light fowling piece. He discharged it several times and wounded one or more; how badly he knows not. But what is most to be regretted, an aged English pedlar, who had taken lodgings there for the night, aroused by the tumult below from his slumbers, sought refuge half awake and in great alarm in the garret. After the noise had a little subsided, he attempted to find his way to the bar room—talking as he came, to himself. The landlord heard him, and was frightened into the belief that two of the blacks had effected an entrance by way of the trap door, which was known to be open, and he accordingly prepared himself for giving them the warmest reception. He braced himself, cocked and levelled his gun, and in terror awaited their approach; and as the pedlar emerged from the stair door, discharged a large portion of a heavy charge into his knee. The wound is a very severe one, and bled most profusely. We learn, however, that the physicians who were called to dress it, are of opinion that he may recover from the wound without amputation, though in all probability not without the loss of the use of the limb for ever. The accident is deeply regretted, and by none more than the unhappy landlord.

On Monday morning the blacks were taken before Judge Harker, and on motion of E. B. Caldwell, Esquire, for the prisoners, the case was postponed until Friday next, upon the alleged absence of a material witness.

Such, or similar scenes now occur in every city, town, and neighbourhood, from Philadelphia to the eastern extremity of the United States, whenever a fugitive slave is reclaimed by his master. The philanthropists take arms, and even the peaceable non-resisting Quakers, become the inciters and auxiliaries of breaches of the public peace. The officers authorised to put the provisions of the constitution, and the laws of the States in execution, do it at the risk of their lives. A mob of free negroes is sure to be summoned together by the agents of the abolitionists—shouts at their heels, assaults them with stones and other missiles, accompanies them to the Court, insults the judges and attempts to overawe the Court by every species of offensive demonstration. The peace of society is perpetually disturbed, and the decorum of judicial administration outraged by these ferocious barbarians; and no man can now attempt to reclaim his property, without running the gauntlet through a rabble, which, if their secret leaders were but to give the signal, would tear him to pieces.

Every species of violence, intrigue, and influence, is employed to render the reclamation of a runaway slave, a work of such danger, difficulty, and expense, as to deter a man from all attempts to appeal to the constitution and laws for the recovery of his own. The most expert pettifoggers are subsidized by the year to quibble, prate and interpose every possible subterfuge or pretext, and the more than Cretan labyrinth of the law explored, for the purpose of defeating the laws. Appeals are made from one decision to another, until finally the owner, if he recovers his slave, pays, more than he is worth, in the risks he runs the vexation he meets with, and the expenses he is obliged to pay. This is not the sketch of a solitary instance, but the development of a settled, uniform system adopted and prosecuted by the abolitionists throughout the Northern and Eastern States; to discourage the master from reclaiming his runaway slave, and thus give impunity to all who may become fugitives in this quarter.

Can such a course fail of weakening, if not dissolving, the ties which knit together the various members of this confederation? To what purpose do individuals and States confederate together, except for the security of person and property? If, then, the inhabitant of the South cannot claim his property in the North, without risking his life, or subjecting his person to violence and insult, to what purpose should he cling to the Union, as the ark of his safety? The very object and intent of seceding safety to his person and property, he only gives to others additional facilities in endangering one, and robbing him of the other. This, then, is another deadly blow aimed by the abolitionists against the integrity of that Union, which they hold as

nothing compared with emancipation, and that Constitution which they denounced as contrary to the law of God, in all cases where it does not interpose to screen them from merited punishment.

Is there no refuge then left us; no remedy at law; no constitutional safeguard; no power in the people or their representatives to check the course of these incendiaries? Is there no engine to put out these firebrands of destruction, without outraging both the law and the gospel? We affirm there is. We maintain that when there occurs a case so fatal, so remediless by any exertions of existing authority; when the patient is given over, and the doctors abandon him, then we no longer resort to the cannons of medicine or the rules of science. We take the remedy in our own hands. So let the people do in the present case. Let them protect themselves, their institutions and their Union; let the popular feeling do for itself, what the Constitution and the laws cannot, it seems, do for them; and, by a firm and temperate exertion of its energies, free from brutal and unnecessary outrage, calmly and resolutely meet these disturbers of the peace of society, these sappers of the union and happiness of the people, wherever they shall publicly appear to disseminate their doctrines. Let them crush and overpower their ravings, by noises still louder, and hiss them from the community. We allow the remedy is extreme, but so is the disease. We know that we shall be denounced as the advocate of mobs, just as the popular leaders of the revolution in this city and elsewhere, were stigmatized as demagogues because they appealed to the people, when those who made, and administered the laws, had not the power or lacked the patriotism to protect them against their enemies. Be it so; we shall not the less continue to call on the people, and invoke the popular feeling to rise in self-defence, and in defence of their peace and their Union.—*N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.*

Dreadful Calamity.—Several lives lost.—Early last Summer, many of our readers are aware, a large mass of clay burst from the hill on the east section of the first ward of this city, followed by a gushing stream of water, and doing no other injury than covering a large portion of the ground at the base with the bowels of the hill. Last evening about 7 o'clock, a similar occurrence took place on the same spot, but we regret to say, greater in extent, and exceedingly fatal in its consequences. An Avalanche of clay came tumbling from an eminence of nearly 500 feet moving down the base of the hill to level land and then continued from the impulse it received to the distance of about 800 feet, covering up acres of ground accompanied with a cataract of water and sand, which kept up a terrible roar. The mass moved along with great rapidity, carrying with it two stables and three dwelling houses & crushing them and their contents in thousands of pieces. The stables and horses moved to the distance of over two hundred feet into an hollow on the corner of Washington and Fourth streets.

In its way the avalanche also encountered a brick kiln burying it partially over and crumbling it together, from which a few minutes after the flames rushed forth and lit up the city as with a great conflagration. This signal was the first intimation that was had of the catastrophe to those not in the immediate vicinity.

The three dwelling houses destroyed were of light structure, and one occupied by Mr. John Grace, another by Mrs. Leavenworth, the third by Mrs. Warner, the last of which was fortunately vacant at the time of the calamity. In Grace's house, was himself and wife and a little boy, the two former were extricated from the ruins dead, and the boy, was taken out alive, very little hurt, bare footed and bare headed, the building having been shattered in a thousand pieces—which is undoubtedly one of the most singular escapes that ever came to our knowledge. There were four of Mrs. Leavenworth's family in her house—her children were in bed at the time and probably asleep, & were afterwards taken from the midst of the wreck, dead, crushed almost to a jelly, and were undoubtedly thrown instantly from a natural sleep into a sleep of death. Mrs. Leavenworth was taken out shockingly bruised and barely alive when we last heard from her. Fortunately three of the family were at church at the time, and escaped awful deaths.

The stables were owned by Mr. Bingham, in which were 22 horses, and all carried along with nine or ten dirt cars. Six horses were taken from the ruins alive—the other 16 were killed. The dead horses can this morning be seen mingling among the ruins. Mr. Bingham's loss must be considerable.

We learn that the body of a person was found, name unknown, who was probably employed in the brick kiln or stables—which makes in all five dead bodies taken from the ruins last night. There are probably others buried among the ruins, as it is likely some persons at the time were in the stables or brick kiln.

The avalanche passed over, the public highway which leads to the mill and nail factory, and might have carried along with it some straggling traveller. The clay is piled up in masses to the depth of from ten to forty feet over a large surface. It must have moved with great rapidity, and it is fortunate that it had not happened at the time when the laborers were digging from the hill. At the time it was snowing

freely, and this morning the scene was entirely covered with a white veil.

The scene that presented itself in the early part of the evening was awful in the highest degree. The horrors of an earthquake could not have presented a more dreadful spectacle. In the midst of a mass of convulsed earth, a multitude of human beings were moving to and fro—some carrying torches and others digging among the ruins and dragging from the midst the remains of some lifeless body, or were rescuing some one in whom life had not yet become extinct—some were crying 'ho! ropes, ropes—help—shovels!' &c.—while the scene was dimly illuminated by the flames from the burning brick kiln, which is yet smouldering like an almost exhausted volcano. The scene must have been witnessed to be realized—we can give but a faint description of it.

Five large trees were precipitated from the hill, some of which are now standing erect at the bottom, and others in a slightly inclined posture. The whole is considered a singular phenomena, and the immediate cause is the result of much speculation.

We have endeavored to give all the particulars that have come to our knowledge. In doing it in great haste, a few inaccuracies may have crept into our statement, but in the end, it will be found generally correct.—*Troy Budget Extra, Jan. 2.*

[Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Saturday Courier.]

At a very fashionable boarding establishment in one of the large cities, a singular circumstance occurred.

A gentleman and lady, with a very beautiful little boy, about two years old, arrived and took apartments. Everything about them indicated that they were accustomed to the first walks of society... and that they were quite wealthy. They gradually became acquainted with the gentlemen and ladies residing at the establishment—won their respect and secured their confidence. They were taken into their soirées, and in return kept open apartments to all. A rich lady, who was very frequently of their social party, became very much attached to the little boy. She won his affections, and, pleased with the various attentions she bestowed, he was frequently in her parlour. The strangers often went abroad in the city and vicinity, leaving the smiling boy with his new and devoted acquaintance. She became more and more attached to him, as he developed new evidences of innocence and loveliness; and the strange lady encouraged his new formed attachment with unwonted constancy.

It was now a few months since the strangers arrived at the establishment. They visited the parlour of their new acquaintance, in their usual familiar & friendly manner. They stated they were going to ride out, (as they frequently had done before), and the strange lady said she thought they had better take the little boy with them, as she feared 'he was getting to be too much trouble to her kind friend.' But she strongly objected to the child's accompanying them, averring that it was too cold, and that instead of the child's being a trouble to her, she had become so attached to him, she was unhappy to have him leave her for any length of time. They kissed the boy, bade the kind hearted and benevolent lady good morning—took their departure, and have not since been heard of.

In the bosom of the little boy's frock was afterwards discovered a large sum of money, with this laconic note: 'Be a mother to this child, and heaven will reward you for it.' J. L.

PROVOKING.

In the long and laborious mischief-making Session of the 'French origin' Lower Canada Assembly of 1835-6, which resulted in little more than the spending of some thirty thousand pounds for their contingencies and pay, they passed certain resolutions, confirmatory, for the third time, of the 92 Resolutions of 1834, and ordered them to be communicated to the Assemblies of the 'sister provinces,' to spur them on, if possible, to adopt the Lower Canada course of proceeding; and Mr. Speaker Papineau volunteered a long letter, on his own authority, to the several Speakers, to explain and further the views of the Assembly. This letter, with its inclosures, was duly forwarded of course. It reached Mr. Speaker Bidwell, of Upper Canada, some time before the close of the Session; he put it in his pocket, and then got it inserted in the Journal at the last hour of the session. The House having, however, acted on Lower Canada precedents, it was dissolved, and Mr. Speaker Bidwell, and nearly all his coadjutors were turned out at the general election.

By some accident or other, the Lower Canada Speaker's missive did not reach the New Brunswick Assembly, although it was then sitting, till the 21st December, 1836, when it was communicated to that body: by the Speaker, and ordered to lie upon the table. In the mean time, the Assembly had sent commissioners to England, who have settled all their difficulties with Downing Street, precisely on the terms refused by the Lower Canada Assembly.

The Nova Scotia Legislature was also in session; but, although the Lower Canada Speaker's despatches were no doubt forwarded, nothing has been heard of them. Perhaps Mr. Archibald, the Nova Scotia Speaker, who is also the King's Attorney

General for the province, had his doubts about the legality of the correspondence, and did not comply with the request of laying it before the Assembly.

The Prince Edward's Island Assembly allowed it, by a majority of one, to go upon the Journal,—and further we have heard nothing, on this subject, from our 'sister provinces'; and so this grand attempt to combine them all in resistance to the British Government, and for the subversion of their established constitutions and of the lawful authority of the Crown over all its dependencies, proves a total failure.

This is no doubt provoking enough to certain would-be Presidents, Governors, Judges, and others, who expected to have the handling, without check, of some £150,000 a year, raised by permanent taxes on British trade; but this is not all that is provoking or mortifying to Lower Canada, arising out of the proceedings of the Lower Canada Assembly.

The Montreal convention of November last, tired with being without a local legislature, suffering in their property and their rights from a 'French origin' majority, petitioned the Upper Canada Legislature to aid in effecting a legislative union of the two provinces. What does the Upper Canada Assembly do? It addresses the British Government, nearly unanimously, to annex to Upper Canada the Island of Montreal, and that part of Lower Canada which lies between the St. Lawrence and Ottawa; but it protests, with uplifted hands against having anything further to do with Lower Canada.

Some of the Lower Canada papers declared that, if the country is cast off by the British Government, the established constitution subverted, and the authority and protection of the Empire lost to the colony in order to meet the views of the Assembly, the province must become a part of the United States, and they assert that the free navigation of the St. Lawrence, the fisheries, and the timber and mines of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick 'are wanted by the United States.' 'They are no such thing!' exclaim the American papers—

'We have too much territory already, and should ever a dissolution of the Union take place, this will be one of the causes of that mischief. Much as we may value the population of the British provinces, the material of which, is in many respects unexceptionable, we wish to see no annexation of them to our confederacy. Let us have as much intercourse with them as possible, in the way of trade and interchange of kind offices, but let there be no new interests added to those which already exist, calculated to distract and sever us. If there ever should be a union between the Canadas and the United States, it will be after the melancholy event of a separation between the Northern and Southern States shall have taken place—an event which we sincerely hope is yet afar off.'

Is not this very provoking?—*Quebec Gaz.*

DORIC CLUB.

On Monday evening last, the Anniversary Dinner of the Doric Club took place at the White Swan Hotel, Notre Dame Street. At seven o'clock, a number of the members sat down to an excellent dinner; the President, Mr. John Shay, in the Chair—Messrs. C. O. Ermatinger & John Jones, Crospiers. The table was laid out in a horse shoe form, and all were prepared to do ample justice to the substantial dinner laid before them, which did not detract from Mr. Privat's established name, fame, and reputation as a purveyor.—The following toasts were given from the chair.

1. The King.—Four times four. Air, God save the King. Song, The King, God bless him.

2. The Doric Club, like the Doric column, may it ever remain strong, firm and upright.—Four times four. Song, Hearts of Oak.

3. The Queen and the Royal Family.—Three times three. German Waltz.

4. Lord Hill and the Army.—Three times three. Air, British Grenadiers. Song, The Soldier's last sigh.

5. Lord Minto and the Navy.—Three times three. Air, Hearts of Oak. Song, Rule Britannia.

6. Sir F. B. Head, the Saviour of Upper Canada, the terror of revolutionary demagogues.—Three times three and one cheer more. Air, See the Conquering Hero comes. Song, Honest John Bull.

7. The Duke of Wellington and the House of Lords, the citadel of British liberty.—Three times three. Song, The old English Gentleman.

8. Sir Robert Peel and the Students of the University of Glasgow.—Three times three. Air, Blue Bonnets over the border. Song, Here's a health, bonny Scotland, to thee.

9. Sir John Colborne and the Army in British North America.—Three times three. Air, Sir John Colborne's march.

10. Lady Colborne and the Canadian Fair. Air, A la claire fontaine.

11. The Speaker and Constitutional members of the Upper Canada Assembly.—Three times three. Air, Britons, strike home.

12. The St. Patrick, St. George, St. Andrew's and German Societies of Montreal.—Three times three. Airs, Sprig of Shillelagh, Roast Beef of Old England, Blue Bells of Scotland, and German Hymn.

The following were volunteer toasts.—By Mr. John Jones.—The memory of our late President—in silence.

By Mr. R. Weir, jun.—Lord Lyndhurst, the Conservative leader of the House of Lords.—Three times three.

By Dr. Jones.—The Earl of Dalhousie

—Four times four.—Air, the Laird of Cockpen.

By Mr. M'Kay.—The Citizens of Toronto: they have not left M'Kenzie a pattern (Patent) to stand on.

For the Mississquoi Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 7.

Our humble subject is so very near home that though all may be supposed to understand it fully and thoroughly, better than any pen can describe it, still our views of its laws, obligations and duties may not be very clear, and our practice may not be very remarkable, or commendable. It is not often handled by the Preacher, or by the essayist, except sometimes in a very eulogical manner; because, it is probably taken for granted that, being so near home, really at the fireside, no body needs instruction. This may, or may not be true, but whatever light in which it may be viewed, certain it is, that, being at the foundation of all individual comfort and happiness, entering into the very vitals of all that renders life agreeable, or miserable in the extreme, a 'word in season,' a well meant recommendation, or even the disagreeableness of advice, or admonition, may not altogether be useless.

It was observed, in another place, that the stipulations mutually made to each other, by the husband, on the one hand, and the wife on the other, in the marriage covenant, suppose an agreement in sentiment, principles, inclinations, tastes and pursuits, as well as mutual attachment. After they came together, then, in the indissoluble bond, common sense and reason, together with holy Scripture, would suggest the propriety, and even necessity, of maintaining and confirming this agreement, by proper conduct, through the subsequent part of life. It is on the proper maintenance of this agreement that the sentiments of mutual love, attachment and esteem will grow and flourish. Without it, the parties are 'unequally yoked,' and, consequently, are unhappy. To the extent of the difference, or disagreement between them. But, notwithstanding some slight differences that may exist (and differences more or less will always exist) if they are really desirous of making the best of their lot, they will strive to please, honor and esteem each other—they will confide in one another, and feel happy in each other's company at their own fireside. To insure the growing of this happiness in each other, each one of them should make it an imperative rule of conduct never to act in such a way as to be even remotely calculated to forfeit the good opinion and esteem of the other.

It is the duty of the husband to 'love his wife even as himself;' and of the wife, to 'see that she reverence her husband.' These mutual obligations, so pleasing and so endearing, while sentiments of mutual love and regard are entertained, exclude, as an enemy, the bare inclination to follow different and conflicting courses of conduct. Hence, though we would by no means insinuate the obligation of doing nothing unknown to the other, or of not having a secret unknown to the other, we nevertheless do assert and maintain, that, between a well regulated married couple, there should be neither doings, nor secrets that require the veil of concealment. If there be, in any case, a studied concealment, it argues the consciousness of pursuing a wrong course—course that must not be told—that cannot bear the light, and which, after all the arts of concealment are exhausted, may come to the light, to the shame and confusion of the guilty one. When underhand work, of whatever nature it be, even in the smallest affairs, which requires concealment, and the long train of prevarication, deceit and falsehood, according to the magnitude of the affair, great or small, it proves that though the parties are 'paired,' they are not matched—that though they were pronounced 'one flesh,' they are still 'twain'—that the one is churlish, and the other weak, deceitful, and tries to be cunning. This course is of most unhappy consequences. We may perhaps trace its effects in some future essay.

To preserve and maintain the mutual esteem and affections of husband and wife, in a healthy state, it is of prime importance that both, the one as well as the other, should endeavor, by all possible means, to govern their passions—keep them within the bounds of sober reason—limit their desire of making a figure in the world by the extent of their practicable means, and be content with their lot. 'Better is little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith. Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith.' Prov. 15; 16, 17. Human nature is all overpread with a malignant 'leprosy,' very easily irritated. When one is moved, the other should exercise patience, meekness and forbearance. If no smart, or rather, biting replies are made, the rising storm will soon blow over, and leave a deep regret that it ever raged, with a hearty resolution to be more guarded in future. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.' Please to be as an 'honey comb,' sweet to the soul and health to the bones. As the collision of steel and flint produces a spark which, through the instrumentality of gun powder, may shatter the solid rock, old as the creation—blow the strongest fortress into fragments; or, by coming in contact with combustible matter, send a city of whelming, devastating conflagration over a city of palaces, so the little member, by the spiteful use of smart words, may kindle a flame among the corrupt passions of human nature that will burn to the 'nethermost hell.' How much, then, it behooves all those who are joined together 'for better, for worse' till death part them, to study and practise the means which promote good humor, peace and mutual regard! Therefore shun contention. Guard against the temptation of an unnecessary contradiction. If ever allowed, do it in a friendly manner. Never let your words be like the piercing of a sword. 'Whod ope, an'

der some excitement, is hasty, and speaks unduly, let the other be patient. When one emits sparks of anger, let the other spread over them the extinguishing mantle of love, and remain gentle and meek. Whom would you fight against, or to whom would you show spite? The sparks come from your other half. With hold com bustibles from them, and they will soon vanish away. Would it not be very unseemingly, and extremely ludicrous, to see one hand, or one foot of a person warring against the other? Equally so, in the eye of reason, it must be to see an unamiable strife between husband and wife. They are no longer 'swains' but 'one flesh.' He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding. Covet this 'understanding.' You see it is declared to be 'great.' Love covereth all sins. Seek this covering: it is more precious than silk, trimmed with gold. Good humor, tempered with meekness, gentleness and obliging behaviour can produce wonders; for they are 'in the sight of God of great price.' Seek to be rich in that which so highly J. R. values.

J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, JAN. 24, 1837.

It is reported that the Royal Commissioners are recalled and censured. We hope the report is true, and if it is not, we have our good wishes that it might be so. Who will censure the commissioners we are at a loss to determine. Can the present Ministry censure them? We are not aware that, among the acts of the commissioners which have come to the light, there are many in contravention to their instructions. The Ministry sent them to settle the difficulties which existed, and do still exist in the province. The first step was to grant a sum of money, under the name of contingencies, which had been constitutionally and properly refused by Lord Gosford's predecessor. This step was not only unexpected, but strongly deprecated by all true subjects, on the ground that the principle on which it was made involved other concessions to an extent that will totally lay aside all the prerogatives of the Crown, and destroy the liberty of the subject. The leaders in the House of Assembly understood the principles of the cheerfully made grant; and as they have not yet succeeded in obtaining all that was involved in it, they have been more dissatisfied than ever. Fortunately for us they were not satisfied. Had they been, our chains would have been rivetted on tight. Conciliation came to an end. The commissioners must be recalled. It is said they are to be censured. We think the Ministers ought to be censured first; and the commissioners, not for what they have done by virtue of their commission, but for having accepted it at all. This was their first error. The course which they have pursued was the result, and good for us that the result has proved a 'total failure.' The Imperial Parliament must now take up the business, and legislate for us. We shall take this up again.

We congratulate our fellow subjects of the county of Stanstead, and all other 'good men and true,' in the Eastern Townships, for the success of the Constitutional cause, by the return of a good member in place of Mr. Grannis. Dr. Colby, as we learn from his printed speeches (for we are not acquainted with the gentleman in any other manner,) appears to be possessed of sound constitutional principles. From the specimens that we have seen, it gratifies us much to observe that he is capable of speaking eloquently, logically and forcibly in a popular assembly, where he had special reason to know that some angry faces were gnashing their teeth at him, and tongues plentifully embittered ready to shoot their arrows. The Montreal emissaries were before him...to stir up the disaffected, and to direct, control, and dictate. Yes, to direct the free and independent electors of Stanstead in their choice, of a member to represent them in Parliament! When we consider the independent and sturdy character of the Township Yeomanry, we cannot but wonder at the ignorance, simple stupidity, and blind presumption of the revolutionary emissaries! They, simple tools, because they are in the habit of making Sunday excursions to harangue the unlettered habitants at their church doors, with lying tales, that the English are going to tax them, or to deprive them of their farms for the use of foreign emigrants, or to give them to the Land Company, and leave the children of the soil to starve; they, silly cattle, with no other prerequisites, that we know of, except lying tongues and pre-eminent brawn fronts, presumed to interfere with our business...to stand up before the intelligent yeomanry of the County of Stanstead, and bare the strange audacity

to dictate to such men who they should elect! Astounding presumption! intolerable conceit! The presumption of the cattle was really provoking—no, intolerable—so hard to be borne, that, having got away in a whole skin, from their busy intermeddling with other people's business, must reflect great credit on the moral habits of the people. We truly abhor Judge Lynch, in all his proceedings, but then, when fools and coxcombs assume the character of fool hardy vagabonds, and interfere with other people's business, who can tell what reception some wild fellows would be ready to give them in the twinkling of an eye!

Something more is yet to come, but as the boy did not know on whose corn the miller's hogs were made fat, so we are not quite sure that this something will come. —Marcus, under great agitation of mind when he saw that his discomfiture was inevitable, declared he would vacate his seat, if Dr. Colby was elected; because such a demonstration of the voice of the people would condemn the course which he had pursued. Then reasonest well, most upright Marcus. It does condemn thy conduct. It does tell thee, & thou dost understand the voice very well, beloved Marcus, that, if thy seat were vacant, thou wouldst no more press its crimson cushions with thy precious body. Thou knowest this, good Marcus: Be honest, now, friend Marcus and redeem thy pledge—fulfill thy promise and vacate thy seat. We do not ask thee to travel by night, though there be moonlight, sufficient to distinguish dollars on the way. We hope well of thee, consistent Marcus, because we happen to know that thou hast honestly redeemed the promise given by thee to their high mightiness for pushing thy neighbor out of his seat, and for saying unto thee, humble and modest Marcus, sit thou down here where thy neighbor was. Sorry would we be, politic Marcus, to say any thing to grieve thee, but thou knowest that the great body of the people in the Townships are sound constitutionalists, and that they will no longer be duped by revolutionary vagabonds. It is true that they want reform in many things, but it is only reform, not an overturn of the best constitution of government upon the face of the earth. We always knew that they were sound, and now, O, beloved Marcus, thine eyes are opened and thou seest plainly. To conclude our friendly chat with thee, good Marcus, people's eyes are on thee. They expect that thou wilt do, as thou hast said.

The Weather.—It commenced snowing Saturday evening last, and continued uninterruptedly throughout Sunday—the wind blowing a hurricane from the North-west. Our roads are literally blocked up with snow drifts. The snow is from two and a half to three feet deep on a level, and in the woods upwards of four feet.

We are again under the necessity of informing our Correspondents that, unless their communications are *post paid*, they will not be taken from the Post Office.—Also, that no paper will be discontinued, until all ARREARAGES are paid, except at the discretion of the Publisher.

We wish some of our friends would furnish us with a few loads of WOOD, immediately.

The Legislature of New Brunswick are now in session, and in reply to the Speech from the Throne, the Assembly echoed its sentiments. A message has been transmitted to the Assembly on the subject of a Civil List, by which it is proposed to surrender the Canal and Territorial Revenue, on condition of a grant of £10,500 per annum, for ten years. The following are the particulars, and it is supposed that the conditions will be accepted by the Assembly.—*Montreal Gazette.*

His Excellency Sir A. Campbell, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick, has communicated by Message to the Assembly of the Province, the draft of a Bill, which has been transmitted from the Minister of the colonies for surrendering to the General Assembly, all his Majesty's hereditary, territorial and casual revenues, &c. &c. on a sufficient Civil List being granted by the Assembly. The sum proposed in the bill sent out is £10,500. It gives the Government the power of drawing for such sums as are necessary for furnishing the means of collecting and protecting the Revenue; rendering a detailed account thereof within fourteen days after the commencement of the next Session of the Provincial Legislature. All grants, leases, &c. made by the Crown, of any lands, tenements, &c. are to be of no effect, unless made upon sale or rent to the highest bidder at public auction, due notice of such sales, &c. being given in the *Royal Gazette*, and unless such sums of money or rents, payable in consideration of such grants, leases, and so forth, be made payable to the Crown.

The rights of the Crown are not in any way abridged or restrained by this Act, except so far as that the monies arising from the full and free exercise and enjoyment of them, to the extent limited, shall so long as this act remains in force, be carried to and made part of the joint revenues at the disposal of the General Assembly of the province. Nothing in this act to affect any sale, purchase, exchange, or other act relating to lands or territories, which shall have been made previous to the passing of this Act. The Act to be in force for ten years, and the Revenues revert to the Crown, if the grant is not renewed.

Forgeries to the amount of £90, have been effected at the city Bank, by using the name of Messrs. Henderson, Hooker and Co. of this city. It appears that a young man of the name of Pass, who left their employ about a month ago, (carrying off with him, about £15), had at three different times passed checks at the city Bank to that amount. The forgeries were not discovered till the book left to be balanced was returned. The fellow is now beyond the reach of justice.—[*Courier.*]

The official Gazette, of yesterday contains a Proclamation by his Excellency the Governor in Chief further proroguing the Legislature, to the 17th, February, not for the despatch of business.

On Sunday last the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Montreal held an ordination in Christ's church, when the Reverend James Campbell, Usher of Brantford, was admitted to the order of Priest. On Monday the Bishop confirmed one hundred and fifty-four of both sexes.—*Montreal Herald.*

The Senatus Academicus of the University of St. Andrew's at their meeting on the 12th November, unanimously conferred the degree of Dr. in Divinity upon the Rev. John Wilson, one of the ministers of Lamahago, and father of the Rev. T. C. Wilson, minister of Perth, U. C.—[*Montreal Gaz.*]

Married,

On the 12th inst., by the Rev. P. Chase, Mr. Harvey Smith of St. Armand, L. C., to Miss Margaret Beatty, of Franklin, Vt.

TEMPERANCE.

Notice is hereby given that the Rev. J. Reid will, God willing, deliver an address on the subject of Temperance, at the Phillipsburg School House, on Tuesday the 31st inst., at 6 o'clock, P. M.

CEDAR RAILS FOR SALE.
4 or 5,000 Cedar Rails may be had on reasonable terms, by applying to
CHRISTOPHER HARRINGTON.
Near Pigeon Hill, 18th Jan. 1837.

Notice.

As the undersigned intends shortly to leave this section of the country, he will on Saturday the 28th day of January, inst., at his Dwelling House in Frelighsburg, sell at

Public Auction,

3 fine Blooded Colts,
from one to three years old,
1 good Cow,
1 excellent Horse Sleigh,
1 Buffalo Robe,
1 superior Gig and Harness,
1 one Horse Cart,
1 Box Stove and Pipe,
1 Fanning Mill,
with extra Selves for separating grain, a variety of HOUSEHOLD

Furniture,

and various other articles too numerous to mention.

Sale at 10 o'clock, A. M.
JOHN BAKER.
Frelighsburg, 10th Jan., 1837. V2 41—2w
N. B. All persons indebted to the subscriber are requested to make immediate payment.
J. B.

MISS A. P. CHADBORN,

Milliner,



BEGS leave to inform the public, that she has taken a room at F. CROSS'S Inn, where she will hold herself in readiness to accommodate such individuals as may favor her with their patronage. All work done to order, and on low and reasonable terms.
Frelighsburg, January 17th, 1837. V2—41tf

Notice.

CHELSEA & GREENWICH
Pensioners residing in the Township of Shefford and Sherbrooke are hereby informed that a Commissariat Officer will be at Frost Village, on Tuesday, the 10th January, 1837, for the purpose of identifying and paying them.
Commissariat,
Montreal, 17th Dec., 1836. V2 39—2w

NEW YORK & MONTREAL

FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre, Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas, Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars and Gloves, Buffalo Robes,

&c. &c., for sale by W. W. SMITH.
Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2—35t

SALT!!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT also general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Nails, Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by
RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

Dry Goods!!

THE Subscribers offer the following articles for sale, at a moderate advance upon the sterling cost, with a view to closing off their stock previous to receiving their Spring importations

Cloths,

of various qualities and colors.

Pilot Cloths, Mohair Coatings, Paddings, Guernsey Frocks, Irish Knit 1-2 Hose,

a general assortment of

Hosiery and Gloves, Buckskins, Flannels, Cassinets, Moreens, Shalloons, Merinoes, Bombazeens, Bombazetts, Lastings, light and dark fancy Vestings, Counterpanes, Hossacks, Gros-de-Naples, Crapes, Velvets & Velveteens, Ribbons, Sewing Silks & Twists, Grey Domestic Cotton, Beetle and Loom Shirtings, Cotton Ticks, light and dark Prints, Chalis dress Patterns, Checked Poplins Silk and Cotton Umbrellas, Parasols, Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, Apron Checks, two Blue and Turkey Stripes and Checks, Britannias and fancy pocket Handkerchiefs, Bark Silk do. Cambrics, Jaconets, Mull and Book Muslins, Widows Lawn, Plain and figured Bobbinet, L'Isle and Bobbinet Laces, Quillings, Linen and Union drills, Table Covers, Hats, Braces, Stocks, Writing Paper, Sealing Wax, Threads, Spool Cottons, Buttons and Cotton Balls.

TERMS—6 months credit on furnishing approved paper.—For a note @ 3 months, 2 1-2 per cent, discount & 5 per cent. allowed for cash.

MITTLEBERGER & PLATT.
Montreal, 21st Dec., 1836. V2 39—6w

NEW STORE

AND

New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cookville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Gen. Cook, Esq., where they have just received a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery and Hardware, Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves. Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.

A. & H. ROBERTS.

Cookville, Dec. 6, 1836.

Notice.

THE Subscribers would say to their friends and the public, that they are receiving from New York, a general assortment of

Dry Goods

Groceries, Crockery & Hardware,

which they offer for sale, at reduced prices for Cash; or most kinds of Country produce, at their Store in West Berkshire, Vt. Those wishing to make good bargains will do well to call and examine for themselves before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAFFEE & BURLESON.

West Berkshire, Nov. 11th 1836.

Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea,
25 do. H. S. do.
15 do. Souchang do.
10 do. Hyson do.
25 Bags Rio Coffee,
25 Kegs Tobacco,
15 Boxes Saunders Caven-dish do.
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,
40 Mats Capia,
2 Tons Trinidad Sugar,
2,000 Wt. Double Refined Loaf Sugar,

and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sale by
W. W. SMITH.
Dec. 6, 1836. V2—35t

Just Received,

By the Schooner Malvina, a large assortment of
Iron, Steel,
Wrought, Cut, and Horse
Nails; Salt, Cod Fish;
Sheet Iron, Stove Pipe
24, 27, & 30 inch Single

STOVES;

Oils, Paints, Soap, Candles,
Brown and Loaf Sugars,
Salaratus, Teas,
Snuff, Tobacco;
7 1-2 by 8 1-2, 7 by 9 and
10 by 12 Window Glass;
Sole and Upper Leather,
Boots and Shoes;
Shovels, Spades,
Rope, Bating, Wadding,
Cotton Yarn
Horse Blankets;
Raisins,
Horehound Candy, &c. &c.

For sale VERY CHEAP, by

MUNSON & CO.

Phillipsburg, Nov. 22, 1836. 33—tf.

Notice.

THE subscribers have received by the last full arrivals, a general assortment of DRY GOODS, adapted for the winter & early spring trades, including Flannels, Merinoes, Cassinets, Shalloons, Bombazettes, Paddings, Grey Cottons, Moleskins, White Shirtings, Scotch Hollands, Navy Blue, Mourning and Dark Fancy Prints, Lambs' Wool Shirts and Drawers, Lambs' Wool, Worsted, Merino, and Mohair Hosiery, and a general assortment of SMALL WARES.

ALSO

20 bales of COTTON YARN, assorted in bales of 300 lbs.

ROBERT ARMOUR & CO.

Montreal, November 15, 1836. 33—6w.

Notice.

JUST received by the schooner Malvina, large supply of

Sheet-Iron,

of the first quality for making Stoves and Stove-Pipes, of which article the Subscriber has a large supply constantly on hand, and intends to sell for Cash as low as can be bought in Town or any other place.

JOHN DEATH.

Phillipsburg, Dec. 12th, 1836.

2,000 Minots

Lisbon Salt!

In fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner Malvina—likewise a quantity of blown SALT.

—ALSO—
a heavy Stock of general

Merchandize,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by

W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, 25th Nov., 1836. V2—35t

RAIL-ROAD LINE

OF

Mail Stages

FROM

STANSTEAD-PLAIN

TO

ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, STEVENS, CLEMENT & TUCK,

Proprietors.

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, (17s 6d.)

LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Stanstead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening. Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus, the advantages of this new line are obvious.

THE LAST BELL.

'Procrastination is the thief of time.' It was a beautiful morning in the month of May, 1825, I was sitting by the side of Helen Harris, the only girl I ever loved and I believe, the only girl that ever loved me; any how, she was the only one that ever told me so. We were sitting in the piazza of her father's house, about a quarter of a mile from the landing place, waiting for the bell of the steamboat to warn me of the moment that was to part 'my love and me.' It came to pass, in the course of my history, that, in order to accumulate a little of this world's 'gear,' that I might be the better prepared to encounter the demands of matrimony, I was destined to cross the blue Chesapeake, and seek in the metropolitan city the where-withal so much desired. How many swains have been compelled, like me, to leave the home and the girl they love to wander in search of gold! And—and, good gracious!—how many have been disappointed! Most of them, perhaps; for though they may have obtained the gold, like me, may be, they did not get as much as they wanted. But to the piazza.

Well, we were sitting in the piazza and, as may be supposed, were talking of our love and separation, and all the et ceteras of our situation. We were waiting for the most unwelcome sound that ever saluted our ears, namely, the steamboat bell. It is known to all who know any thing of steamboats, that their bells give two warnings to those who have engaged for a voyage—the second is the signal of starting. You may rely on it we talked fast; we thought fast; and abbreviated our words into such ragged sentences that nobody but ourselves could understand them. The first bell rang the sound rolled over Mr. Harris's cornfield and watermelon patch to the piazza, like the knell of hope, and I sprang upon my feet and trembled like an aspen. 'O George, wait till the last bell rings,' said Helen, as the 'big tears come over her eyes of blue.' 'Do no such thing,' answered the hoarse voice of Mr. Harris, as he rose like a spectre from the cellar, where he had been packing away his cider. 'Do no such thing,' he repeated; 'and George,' he continued, 'carry this advice with you to your grave, and it may be of service to you, never wait for the last bell!—I was off like a chased deer—the last bell rung as I approached the steamboat, and I had scarcely time to get aboard, before she was pushed from the wharf. On my passage I had time for reflection, and after a few flutterings at my heart, occasioned by the separation from its idol, I composed myself to cool reasoning, and the conclusion of the whole matter was, that it was dangerous to wait for the last bell. My career in the search of pelf has in a degree been successful; but I verily believe, had not the old farmer told me 'never to wait for the last bell,' that I should now have been as poor as I was the morning the farewell shivered from my lips upon the heart of my lonely Helen.

I came to the big city, took lodgings at a hotel, and any person who has lived at a hotel, but for a single day can rehearse the dangers of waiting for the last bell. I did it once—it was the day I entered—and I lost my dinner. I have always been ready for the dinner bell since then, and the first stroke has found me at the table. I mingled with mankind, and saw thousands who were waiting for the last bell. In business they were slow, and bargains slipped by them. In the payment of their liabilities they were backward, and their credit suffered.

For six months I was a clerk; it was a short apprenticeship, but my never waiting for the last bell—that is to say, my doing everything I had to do in the right time—won a place for me in the affections of my employer, which induced him to offer me a partnership. I accepted, and in every instance when the bell rung it found me ready. I have been in business and married nine years, and I have yet to be caught napping when the last bell rings.

Now I would just beg leave to say a few words to young men about this thing of waiting for the last bell. When I arrived at Baltimore, I waited on some gentlemen to whom I had introductory letters, and they recommended me for a situation. One was soon offered, which I was told had been refused by four young men, to whom it had been offered before I came to the city. The salary was low, but, said I, 'they are waiting for the last bell,' and I was not slow in accepting it; and glad am I for it, for it was the making of me.

Shortly after I became a partner in my present business, our custom having increased considerably, we advertised for an additional clerk; the salary at the beginning was the same that I had received, many called who were out of employment, but they seemed as if they had rather wait for the last bell and refused. I know them all and the young gentleman who accepted is worth four times as much as any one of them. Haste for the first bell, accept the first offer, and keep it until you get a better; remember the common adage, 'half a loaf is better than none'—and be assured that if you are worthy, be your first offer what it may, if it be reasonable, it will lead you onward—upward.

I once knew a young man, of first rate business abilities, but he formed the disgusting habit of stopping at the tavern whenever he could make the opportunity here he always waited for the last bell, reluctant to leave while he could spare a moment; he is now an habitual drunkard,

and if he is not careful, the last bell of life will find him in a bad condition—it will be hard for him to bid a long farewell to his last glass. Life is short—hours fly with the wind's rapidity—and he who habitually puts off until the last bell, the affairs which claim his immediate attention will come out, according to Farmer Harris's prediction, 'at the little end of the horn.'

Shakspeare says, 'there is a tide in the affairs of men, which if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' My young friend, he who waits for the last bell can never take this tide at the flood; the man only who is watching to embrace the first opportunity can have the least hope of success.

Young ladies, I have a word for you. In the street I live in, there is a lady who has been seven years in choosing a partner for life. She is handsome, and pretty well off, and she had several respectable offers, but she was waiting for the last bell; and she is likely to remain to the last a belle for she is turned or thirty, and says she will agree to take the first proposal that is made to her; but it is perhaps too late, and she must hide her blessedness forever.

Now I beseech you my dear friends all of you who may read this little sketch, put not off for to-morrow what you can do to-day: this is the true meaning of the injunction which has been of so much service to me. Whenever you feel a disposition to postpone any thing, no matter how trifling, remember the words of Farmer Harris, 'Never wait for the last bell.'—U. S. Paper.

CONSTANCY.—An instance of female devotedness was lately exhibited before the Legislature of Rhode Island, in the person of a Mrs. Salisbury, whose husband was confined for theft. This affectionate wife, whose devotion was perhaps worthy a better cause, besought the house to permit her to appear at their bar in behalf of her husband. The request being granted, she presented herself before them, and stated that she had been married four years, had four children, one of whom had been sick for the last seven months; that she and her family had nothing in her house to eat, save a little corn meal; that her husband was able to work, was affectionate, and when at liberty, provided well for his family. She therefore prayed for his deliverance, if required, on condition of quitting the State. The arguments of the good woman in behalf of the freedom of her dishonest husband, were irresistible; her prayer was granted without one dissenting voice. Thus it is that we see the female character shine out under the trials of adversity, and coming in aid of those who would foolishly claim to be paramount, when their folly or wickedness has subjected them to its necessary consequences. We can admire the devotedness of this poor wife, but how much must we despise the husband whose conduct has put her to the trial.—Balt. Amer.

A SMALL MISTAKE.—In the town of E., there formerly lived an old miller, who was remarkably forgetful, usually taking one toll out of the hopper, and another from the trough, after it had come through the mill. He argued that it was better to be 'twice right than once wrong.'

If, according to his doctrine, it was right to take toll, so it was wrong for him to grind without that requisite, and if it was right to take toll once, so it was perfectly right that he should take it twice. This did not satisfy the old man, however, and he increased his demands to such an extent, that the people began to complain, but as there was no other mill in the neighborhood, they had to grin and bear it. One day a dry old fellow sent a bag of wheat to be ground, which was of so excellent a quality, that the miller thought he must increase his toll. This he did so conscientiously, that the bag went home minus one half the grist. Next morning the owner met him, and accosted him with a lengthened phiz, said, 'do you know what a plaguy mistake you made with my wheat yesterday?'

'No, I don't,' said he, 'what was it?'

'Why, nothing of any consequence,' replied the other, 'only that you happened to send home the toll instead of the grist.'

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.—All the endearing associations which enhance our pleasure & console us under affliction are centered in the name of Friendship. When the stroke of adversity falls upon us, the sympathy of a true friend takes away half of its heaviness. When the world misunderstands our meaning, and attributes bad motives to what are only ill-judged actions, we think, (with what satisfaction) those who have experienced the feeling alone can tell that there is one who knows us better. When wounded, slighted and cast back into the distance by those whose fickle favor we had sought to win, we exclaim in the midst of our disappointment—'There is one who loves me still!' And when wearied with the warfare of the world, & sick of its sounds and sighs, we return to the communion of friendship, as rest after a laborious journey in a safe, sweet garden of refreshment and peace.

DRUNKENNESS.—What is it that saps the morals of youth; kills the germ of generous ambition; desolates the domestic hearth; renders families fatherless; digs dishonored graves?—Drunkenness. What makes a man shunned by the relatives who loved him; contemned by the contemporaries who outstripped him; reviled by the very wretches who betrayed him?—Drunkenness. What fills our asylums with luna-

tics; our ponds and rivers with suicides; our jails with thieves and murderers; our streets with infamy?—The same destructive vice. He who by precept, whether oral or written, should succeed in rendering drunkenness detestable, and sobriety an unviolated virtue throughout the land, will confer on all classes—a boon beyond all price.

'On a winter's evening,' says Dr. Moore, 'when the streets were covered with snow, Smollett happened to be engaged in a snow ball fight with a few boys of his own age—Among his associates, was the apprentice of that surgeon who is supposed to have been delineated under the name of Crab, in Roderick Random. He entered his shop while his apprentice was in the heat of the engagement. On the return of the latter, the master remonstrated severely with him for quitting the shop. The youth excused himself by saying that, while he was employed in making up a prescription, a fellow had hit him with a snow-ball; and he had been in pursuit of the delinquent.—A mighty probable story, truly,' said the master, in an ironical tone. 'I wonder how long I should stand here,' added he, 'before it would enter into any mortal's head to throw a snow-ball at me? While he was holding his head erect, with a most scornful air, he received a very severe blow in the face by a snow-ball.—Smollett who stood concealed behind the pillar at the shop door, had heard the dialogue; and perceiving that his companion was puzzled for an answer, he extricated him by a repartee equally smart and appropriate.'

Why is a tailor called the ninth part of a man?

Answer.—Because 'money makes the man,' and tailors never get more than the ninth part of their just dues

A person reading the Bible, came to this passage, 'that I am.' It so happened that the words *I am* were at the bottom of the page and in turning over, he turned two leaves, so that at the top were the words *an ass*, which he pronounced in a clear voice. However, finding his mistake, he turned back to his right place, and without revoking the former words, with great emphasis cried out, *that I am*.

An odd sort of genius having stopped in a mill, was looking with apparent astonishment at the rotary movements of the machinery, when the miller, thinking to quiz him, asked him if he had heard the news.

'Not as I know 'em,' said Jonathan, 'what is it?'

'Why,' replied the miller, 'they say the d— is dead'

'By jings!' he exclaimed, 'is he? Who tends mill then?'

How many tears have the wives of drunkards shed in the United States since 1790, supposing the average number of drunken husbands to have been in each year, 15,000?

Answer.—Enough to float the United States Navy.

'I shall soon die, Cuffy—I must set out upon a long journey,' said a sick man to his negro servant. 'Bery well,' replied Cuffy. 'I guess massa hab good going, cause it be all down hill.'

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payable at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition. No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the first insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion. Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny. Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion. A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill. Elihu Crossett, St. Armand. Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg. Galloway Freiligh, Bedford. Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham. Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville. Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome. P. H. Knowlton, Brome. Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham. Whipple Wells, Farnham. Henry Boright, Sutton. William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge. Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg. Henry Wilson, La Cole. Levi A. Coit, Potton. Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont. Nathan Hale, Troy. Albert Chapman, Caldwell's Manor. Horace Wells, Henryville. Allen Wheeler, Noyan. Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George. E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt. Thos Bartlett, jun., East part of Sutton.

Persons wishing to become Subscribers to the Mississquoi Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Freilighsburg, all payments must be made.



REV. H. N. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsam

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at George, Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor, where all orders at wholesale or retail, will meet with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co., Mississquoi Bay, Beardsley and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard, Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

INFORMATION wanted of William Lane, William Lane, Jun., Honor Lane, Mary Lane, or Anne Lane, who emigrated from Tragony, in the parish of Cuba, Cornwall, to this country, about three years ago, in the large Janus, from Falmouth to Quebec. The subscriber will feel much obliged to any individual who will be kind enough to send information to the Herald Office, Montreal, respecting any or all of the above individuals.

RICHARD PARSONS.

Editors of Newspapers in the Upper Provinces and Townships, are requested to insert this. Montreal, 1836.

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADELPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature, Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short every variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvania says—'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union'; 'the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore, of such of its subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume; and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the Philadelphia Mirror, will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of several Sketches and other valuable contributions to American Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWS-PAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matter, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c. exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canal, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz: Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps, &c.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE, Philadelphia.

Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

I hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships. Sherbrooke, May 10, 1736. V-74f

Tenders

WILL be received at the Office of the British American Land Company, for the supply of

3000 Cedar Posts, & 3000 do. Rails.

To be delivered at Sherbrooke, on or before the 10th May next. Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836.

Tenders

WILL be received by the British American Land Company, for the construction of 8 frame Buildings, 24 by 36 feet, according to a plan and specification, to be seen at their Office at Sherbrooke. Sherbrooke, Dec. 20, 1836. V239-1f

NEW GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED!!!

Munson & Co.,

IN returning thanks for the good share of Public patronage with which they have been favoured, inform their old friends and customers that they have received and are now opening at their store in Philipsburg, a very nice, well selected, and extensive assortment of

Fall & Winter GOODS!

all of which they will sell as cheap as they can be bought at any Store in the Townships, none excepted.

They add further, that they will purchase good

Pine Logs,

that will make Plank or Boards, for the southern Market, to be delivered at any responsible Saw-Mill within 10 miles of Mississquoi Bay; and will make advances on the same to any responsible person. The Logs to be delivered any time in the course of next Winter.

Philipsburg, Nov. 3, 1836.

FRANKLIN STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY

SMITH, HARRINGTON & EATON, respectfully inform the printers of the Upper & Lower Provinces, and the public generally, that having established a

STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY,

AT BURLINGTON, Vt.

they hold themselves ready to execute any work which a kind public may feel disposed to favor them with. They hazard nothing in saying that they can do work cheaper, and in as good style as can be done at any Foundry, in the United States.

Leads furnished at the Franklin Foundry, on the most reasonable terms.

A great variety of

CUTS

on hand and for sale at the F. S. F. BLANKS of all kinds Stereotyped at short notice. Old Type taken in pay for work, at 9 cents per pound.

College Street, Burlington Vt. } January 12 1836.

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand Day Street.

Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with, and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitting attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but Cash will be received.

DANIEL FORD, Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V211-1y.

For Sale,



AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling-house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Freilighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V. 222, 12w